A Good Beating

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by anabridge

Summary

Hugh and Mads are filming the scene in Naka-Choko where Will kills Randall Tier and fantasizes that he's killing Hannibal. Mads has a peculiar reaction to the violence and proximity to Hugh.

Notes

Commission for the incredibly kind Howl @haaannibal. Find me on Twitter @hannabitchwill

In the dark studio set for Will's living room, Hugh was sat astride Mads, hovering over his lap to ensure he had enough space to strike his face properly. Hugh's character was going to beat Randall Tier to death in this scene. Except for in this hallucination, Will would be beating Mads' character Hannibal, as well.

Hugh's heartbeat raced, and adrenaline coursed through him as it usually did during fight scenes. However, this was different than most fight scenes. Mads had insisted that Hugh make contact and put force into each of his blows. He wanted the scene to look as realistic as possible.

"Action!" The director yelled. Hugh took a deep breath, grit his teeth, and struck his clenched fist against the clearly defined cheekbones of a friend he knew very well. Mads' face moved with the force of his fist. But when the Dane looked back at him, he looked unfazed. His expression was neutral. Did Hugh's punch not hurt at all?

"Cut" The director yelled again. Hugh was instructed to sit even closer to Mads' body so that the scene would look more intimate.

"It would be more authentic according to Will's fantasy," he was told. Seated on his knees closer to Mads, Hugh could feel warmth radiate from the man below him.

"Put your back into it, I won't break," Mads said softly as he peered up at him.

"I...I really don't want to hurt you," Hugh protested.

"You know I've never been one to shy away from pain." Mads reminded him. Hugh hesitated, but after a moment nodded his head in agreement. If Mads' wanted this to look realistic, Hugh would give it his best shot.

He braced himself to strike again. This time, once they were directed to start, Hugh put nearly all his strength into the movement. The force of his blow flipped Mads' head to the side.

Mads looked back and him and smiled, tilting his head as if to ask, *Is that all you've got?*

Irritation flared through Hugh. How could that not have been enough? He reared his fist back once more and struck that perfect smile off his face. This time when Mads looked back, Hugh didn't give him a chance to smile, his fist flew back into Mads' cheek just as hard.

"Cut!" The director yelled again. Hugh was panting now as he wiped the sweat above his brow and stretched his fingers.

"Loved the smile Mads, great touch. It would be the perfect thing to agitate Will even further," the director told Mads who nodded in agreement.

Mads then looked to Hugh. "Just a little harder, don't you think, Hugh?" he asked tauntingly.

Hugh's voice was hoarse as he responded, "As long as you can take it."

This time once they started, Hugh lost himself in Will's fantasy. He didn't hesitate as he struck Mads' face again and again. On the third blow, he struck so hard he fell back against Mads' lap.

No, it couldn't be…

Hugh's mind short-circuited for a moment.

But after a moment, he was sure. The shape of Mads' defined erection poking into him from below him was unmistakable. Hugh almost broke character and chuckled. Mads' mischievous eyes twinkled in the darkroom as they gazed at one another.

The two of them were much more alike than he would have imagined. It finally made sense then. Mads wasn't afraid to take on take on the pain because he liked it. Just like Hugh.

Once that clicked in his mind, Hugh, while nestled close to the member tucked below his thigh, punched Mads so hard his fist hurt.

Mads made a satisfying grunt below him. Finally, they seemed to be getting somewhere. Hugh didn't hold back at all anymore.

He went again, and again, hitting so hard that fake blood now covered the entirety of Mads' face. With each blow, Hugh found himself grinding back onto Mad's thickness, enjoying the way it twitched as he inflicted pain.

He liked knowing that Mads enjoyed this. It made it easier to hurt him in the way Mads wanted him to. Hugh's own cock filled out in response.

By the time Hugh had beat Mads into a bloody mess, he was fully hard.

With a final, deep breath, Hugh really put his back into his last punch. He wanted to hear Mads' grunt once again. But what he got was much more.

In response to the pain, Mads moaned, and his hips twitched up against Hugh's thigh. With his eyes closed, Mads leg out a shaky breath as he trembled slightly below him.

The director yelled cut one last time. Hugh felt a pool of warmth below his thigh. He didn't need to look down to know that Mads had just come untouched.

With a smirk he asked, "Realistic enough, don't you think, Mads?" Mads was speechless, with his eyes still closed, he simply nodded in agreement. This scene had turned out to be a rewarding experience. Hugh now knew a lot more about his friend.

Later that evening, they wrapped up shooting and headed back to their hotel for the night. Hugh couldn't stop thinking about Mads' reaction. He thought of the way Mads had writhed beneath him, not in pain but in pleasure. Perhaps a bit of both.

After an hour or so of thinking it over, Hugh knocked on Mads' door. Mads opened it with a smile, starting to say "Hello," but Hugh cut him off.

He pushed him back into his room and slammed Mads back against the shut door. “We should talk,” Hugh said firmly.

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